# DOGS AS A NUISANCE

**MUCH COMPLAINT IN THIS CITY SINCE FENCES CAME DOWN.**

**A Rendezvous in the Statehouse Yard —Twenty-Two Dogs in a Charles-Street House.**

Out at Denver, Col., they had a beautiful system at one time, by which undesirable dogs were passed into the great beyond of dog life. The operations were carried on under the city or at the instigation of the city. Dog catchers and wagons were employed to go through the by-ways and along the highways picking up all dogs which could not produce a certificate of respectability in the shape of a check. These dog catchers employed long wire loops, with which they lassoed stray canines. The latter were then taken to the slaughter ground, which consisted of pens and a pond. After the animals had been kept sufficiently long to give assurance that no one cared to pay the penalty for their release, they were locked up in a little car, five and six at a time, and run down into the pond. The dog population decreased wonderfully in one season's time.

Such a system as this would, perhaps, raise a cry of horror if suggested for Indianapolis, but owners of lawns and flower beds would probably welcome a proposition which would rid the city of several thousand dogs. The condition of affairs is becoming annoying, if not alarming. The dogs are becoming quite numerous, so numerous in some neighborhoods as to be a pest. The records at the city controller's office show that but a small per cent. of the estimated dog population can show licenses in a pinch. The homeless population must, consequently, be large. The police have not pursued a vigorous warfare against the undesirable canines. A dog is never killed in Indianapolis, unless it be accidentally. A policeman will run chances of losing his buttons before he will shoot a dog and few blame him, for, no matter how unwelcome a dog is, the average person shrinks at the thought of taking his life.

Over in the Statehouse yard seems to be the rendezvous of the homeless, vicious and no-account curs. They assemble there, causing more trouble to Custodian Griffin than a session of the Indiana Legislature. They scratch up the sod, bury bones under it and scatter all sorts of trash over the grass. They are driven away many times a day, but every time one cur is stoned, he returns with a crowd to cause more trouble. Residents about the city, generally, have complaints to make of the dogs, that is, of other people's dogs. Porches are tracked, flower beds ruined and bones and debris carried on the lawns. The nuisance is more marked since the fences were taken down. One live pup, if free, can cause more trouble in a neighborhood than sixteen boys, and if he is tried he can be more of a nuisance than sixteen brass bands.

Speaking of dogs, recalls one particular case reported from Charles street, where live two women, twenty-two dogs and a number of cats. So far as the neighbors know they all live together. The women work in the sausage department of one of the packing houses, and for that reason there is not a person within a radius of two squares of the house that will eat sausage without it be home made. Of course the dogs and the business followed by the two women have no connection, but the association is what worries the neighbors. These dogs live under, in and about the house. They are all kinds and sorts. It is told in the neighborhood that when the women go to work in the morning they leave the dogs locked up in the house, but some allowance must be made for what is heard, for the neighbors do not like the dogs. Complaint has been made to the police and the health authorities, but every time an officer goes around the two women cannot speak one word of English.

In the neighborhood the house is known as "where live the two old maids and their dogs." The latter are ugly in disposition and several people have been bitten. The other night there came near being a tragedy in the neighborhood, all because of the deportment of one of the animals. A small boy was bitten. His father returned from work and was much excited because of the accident. Having heard of the popular idea that whisky is good for a dog bite, he started forth to try the cure. But the father made a mistake and drank the whisky himself. By 7:30 o'clock all dangers of hydrophobia were passed. He returned to the house where lived the women and dogs, and threatened to tear down the house and kill every dog in it. The neighbors gathered to see the sport, agreeing to kill the dogs if the father of the child would get them out. Kind neighbors at last decided 'twould be best to take the father home and put him to bed. He fought dogs all night, but the two women and their twenty-two canine pets still live undisturbed and unconcerned.

# STOPPED OVER FOR ROOKER TRIAL.

**A Crippled Tramp That Made a Good Housewife Indignant.**

The tramp is heartily despised by most housewives, and nothing more thoroughly arouses the aversion and utter contempt of an active, thrifty woman than the appearance of one of these homeless beings upon her freshly-scrubbed back door stoop. Still, some women, naturally kind hearted and tender, are moved to pity by the woeful stories these glib-tongued knights of the road have at command. A woman living in the west part of town belonged to this class, and she rarely refused to give the beggars who appeared at her kitchen door something to eat. A few days ago an old man, poorly clad and walking with a crutch, asked for a bite of breakfast. He was intelligent and told her that he had served through the war. He was on his way to Toledo, he said, where he had a son who would give him a good home. The woman questioned him and learned that he had beaten his way here from some place in Illinois by riding on freight cars. The breakfast hour was long past, but she fried him some eggs, made a cup of coffee and gave him a good breakfast. He was about to leave when she interrupted his profuse expressions of gratitude to say that she supposed he would be able to get a good start towards Toledo. "But I am not going towards Toledo to-day," said his trampship.

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I am going down to the courthouse to listen to the Rooker trial. I stopped off here a week ago and got interested in the case. I want to hear it through."

First the good woman was angry. After a while the idea was amusing and by the time the next tramp appeared a week later she had forgotten her former experience and gave the fellow his dinner. Like his predecessor, he came a long time after the dinner hour was past. But she went to her well-larded pantry and fixed up a nice cold luncheon. There was some cold boiled ham, a cup of custard, pickles, cheese and everything but fresh bread. Then she put the coffee on to boil and while he ate his dinner he gave her an interesting account of his tramps about the country. He fingered over two or three slices of bread left from the noon meal, but she noticed he did not eat them. They were a trifle stale. There was nothing else in the house, she told him.

"Haven't you got some crackers?" he asked.

"No, but there is some cocoanut cake. Will that do?"

"I like chocolate cake better, but will take the cocoanut if you have nothing else."

She was growing impatient, but went to the pantry and cut three generous slices. He devoured one of them and asked for another cup of coffee. It was very hot, and as he sipped it he talked about his experiences on the road, pausing occasionally to take an enormous bite of cake or a spoonful of the baked custard.

"Of all the places in the United States," said he, "I like Arizona best. When I was there I made lots of money. I tell you what it is, I was just swimmin' in beer and I had to pay two bits a glass for it, too." By this time he had finished his meal and leaned back in his chair and puffed out his cheeks contentedly. "But I tell you what it is," he continued, "it took me a long time to learn how to live without working. I know now, and you can bet your last dollar I will never do another day's work as long as I live."

Then his hostess nearly exploded with anger. "You get right out of my house," she exclaimed, stamping her foot violently. "You are a nasty, lazy, good-for-nothing man, and I don't want you to ever come around my house again."

# NO PADDING THIS YEAR

**WORKING OF NEW SCHOOL ENUMERATION IN MARION COUNTY.**

**Women Objecting to Signing Their Names to the Returns—Some Experiences.**

George Wolf, with the aid of a corps of thirty assistants, is taking the school enumeration in this county. The work of taking the enumeration began April 10, and must be completed by the first of May. This year the enumeration is being taken under the new law, which requires the enumerators to secure the names of all children between the ages of six and twenty-one years. The names are entered in a record, giving the name of the parents or guardian of the children, the age of each child, and whether it has attended the schools, public, private or parochial. To prevent the padding of the enumeration, the books for recording names has a blank line for the signature of the child's parent or guardian, who certifies that the names given are those of children within the legal school age.

The corps of enumerators have no easy task in getting the required information. They are often mistaken for book agents or tax assessors, and are subjected to considerable annoyance. Most people do not understand the object of taking the names. Generally the head of the family is away from home and the women object to signing the records, certifying that the return of minor children made is correct. One day this week one woman said: "My husband told me not to sign anything without consulting him. You will have to come back when he is home." No manner of explanations offered were sufficient to convince her, and the enumerator had to make another trip to the house at night. "At one place," said one of the enumerators, "I was met by a woman who told me that she was not ready to pay her rent, and asked me to come back next week. She thought I was the rental agent. When the purpose of my call was explained, she readily gave me the information asked. An old colored woman thought that it was unfair that she should have to pay taxes for the teaching of her boy. I could scarcely convince her that the enumeration was not taken for the purpose of increasing her taxes. At another place a woman told me that her husband had filled out his tax list last week. I could not convince her that I was not an assessor and had nothing to do with taxation. I will have to make another trip to her house when I can find her husband at home."

In some instances the enumerators are met pleasantly and have no trouble in explaining what is wanted, and the information sought is quickly afforded. On an average the enumerators should be able to finish a visit to each house in ten or fifteen minutes. But from half to three-quarters of an hour is often taken in getting the name of a single child. Mothers are diffident about giving the names of children who are still minors, but who no longer attend school. Said one woman: "I don't see what you want to take my boy's name for. He don't go to schol. He is seventeen years old and works every day." The enumerator had a hard time in explaining to her that the amount of money allotted from the State fund for the support of the city schools depended on the number of pupils shown by the returns of the enumerators.

Notwithstanding the trouble in securing the data required, it is believed that the entire enumeration will be completed by the first of May, as the law requires. It seems certain that when it is completed the enumeration will be accurate, at any rate. The idea of taking the attestation to the correctness of the returns made by persons and guardians is calculated to avoid a padded enumeration.

The enumerators report to Mr. Wolf every morning at the City Library, where their work for the preceding day is carefully examined and corrections made when necessary. After the books are carefully gone over the thirty men in charge of the work go to their districts and try another bout with uninformed wives and mothers.

**HETTY GREEN'S BIG BLUFF**

**She Found a Man Who Took Her at Her Word Promptly.**

Washington Post.

"The way Hetty Green got her first million---two or three at least---was by inheritance," said R. A. Chase, of Boston, at the Hotel Page. "She has added a good many more millions to the original pile left by her father, the late Edward Mott Robinson. Robinson got his start in life up our way; he was a New Bedford man and laid the foundation of his fortune by close attention to the whaling business. His boats made many a capture of those monsters of the deep, and they turned to gold in the hands of Robinson. Afterward he went to New York and became one of the greatest traders on the seas of his day. He did not leave all his wealth to Mrs. Green unconditionally, but finally the bulk of the estate passed into her keeping.

"Mrs. Green at one time did business with the well-known New York banking house of John L. Cisco & Co., and deposited with them her cash, bonds, securities and other forms of money, running into big figures. One day she went to the bank to express her dissatisfaction with the way some matter of hers had been conducted. Mr. Cisco, the head of the concern, argued the question with her in a temperate way, but her wrath was aroused and she would not be appeased. Finally she stated her intention of withdrawing from the bank, then and there, every summare she had to her credit. She said it with emphasis and not in the way of one who merely puts forth a bluff. Anyway, Mr. Cisco took her seriously and told her it would give him the greatest pleasure to accommodate her; that she should have every dollar that was hers on the spot, and straightway ordered an employe to get out Mrs. Green's gold and silver coin, greenbacks, treasury notes, stocks and bonds and all other kinds of lucre the lady possessed. The clerk was a good while at it, but he at length piled $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 in front of the owner, who had been regarding the task without comment.

"'There's your property, Mrs. Green,' remarked the old banker, 'please remove it.'

"'I have changed my mind and you can keep it.'

"'Excuse me, madam, but we don't care for your patronage any longer. Please take your money away.'

"Old Cisco was deaf to all her pleadings to let the stuff stay. He was just as resolute as she had been wrathful, but he consented to let one of his men go out and buy a trunk to pack the cash and other financial tokens in, and then let the man accompany Mrs. Green and her trunk to another depository."

**A Misunderstanding.**

New York Evening Sun.

Here is practical evidence that the effort to introduce into the public schools the study of the physiological effects of alcohol is not appreciated by those whom it most seeks to benefit. In one school a small boy inquired the other day, "When are we going to learn the liquor business?" Another was anxious to know, "When are we going to begin our intemperance?" The most striking objection to the thing came from a mother, however, who sadly informed the teacher that "We think the teachers have enough to do without teaching the children how to mix drinks and train for barkeepers."

# SEASON AT WILDWOOD

**MANY OPERATIC ARTISTS ANXIOUS TO SING HERE THIS YEAR.**

**Comic Opera Will Be Heard Again on the Banks of Fall Creek June 8.**

Indianapolis people who depend chiefly upon the theater for amusement during the winter season are wondering what the heated term has in store for them. These April zephyrs and the fragrance of budding blossoms suggest moon-lit nights at Fairview and balmy evenings at Cottage Grove Park, the nights made brilliant by thousands of iridescent lights. With these fancies come memories of picturesque Wildwood—that delightfully wooded spot romantically situated on the bank of Fall creek, immediately east of Illinois street. The very name, Wildwood, suggests a picture of great gnarled oaks and tangled shrubbery, and the pleasurable sensations of cooling breezes and a happy freedom from the cares and annoyances of turbulent city life. While Wildwood cannot lay claim to the poetry of nature in its most romantic sense, it certainly has much to attract city people. Something about the character of entertainment to be given at the resort this season will doubtless be interesting at this time.

Those who patronized the summer opera last year will recall the pleasant evenings spent at Wildwood. The management contemplates giving a series of similar entertainments this season. Last year the stockholders lost a little money, but they closed the season owing no man a dollar. The fact that the members of the opera company were paid every dollar due them on the closing night gave Wildwood an excellent reputation among theatrical managers, and it has been a comparatively easy task to procure talent for the coming season. The stockholders attribute their financial losses entirely to the bad weather. During the season there were thirty-four days of disagreeable weather. It rained thirteen days, when it was utterly impossible to give performances. At the close of the season fifty men held stock in the Wildwood enterprise. Thirty-five of these stockholders have indicated a willingness to retain their interests, and it is expected that purchasers will be found for the remaining shares within the next few days.

The season at Wildwood will open Monday, June 8, for a run of ten weeks. Comic opera of the highest class will be presented by a competent company. The stockholders expect to secure the services of Mr. Edward P. Temple, of the Francis Wilson Opera Company, and it is the intention to contract with Mr. Richards, of the same company, who will take the active management of Wildwood. Mr. Temple will have exclusive control of the stage and will take entire charge of the instructions. These gentlemen will give their entire attention to the business. They will procure all of the talent and have agreed to produce the different operas on a weekly guarantee. There will be a change of bill the middle of each week. The chorus will contain twenty-four singers and a full orchestra will be in nightly attendance. The fame of Mr. Temple as a stage manager is well known and the fact that he is to have charge of the production should speak much for the success of Wildwood. It is asserted by the local management that Wildwood is one of but four summer theaters that paid salaries in full at the end of the last season. This reputation traveled rapidly and in the last three months letters have been received here from nearly all of the leading opera companies, offering the services of well-known singers.

Numerous changes in the Wildwood Theater are contemplated for this summer. It is the purpose to construct a frame auditorium open at the sides. Curtains will be attached so that in the event of a storm the performance may proceed and the audience can be protected from the elements. Twelve hundred comfortable chairs will afford ample seating capacity. The stage will be larger than last year and dressing rooms of more liberal dimensions are to be added. As soon as the spring season has settled the work of rebuilding the theater will begin. Great things are expected of Wildwood this year if the weather is half-way decent.

No definite arrangements have been made in reference to summer attractions at Cottage Grove Park. The Maennerchor Society will perhaps give two or three summer-night carnivals during the season, but nothing positive has been decided on by the members. These entertainments will probably be given during the months of July and August.

# UNCLE SAMMY.

**One of the Quaint Characters Found in Quiet Byways.**

The modern historian has made the lives of our illustrious fellow-countrymen familiar to all. Great warriors and statesmen are constantly being placed upon higher pedestals, that we may love and emulate them, and our youths are daily exhorted to follow in their footsteps. This is all very well in theory, yet we cannot all reach these sublime heights, and I fancy that if every rail-splitter of to-day should strive to walk abreast with Lincoln it would bring only disaster upon our country. In the general economy of things the woodsman's occupation is just as necessary as that of President, and a great deal better adapted to most men. Hence, I think it altogether fitting and wise to turn from our heroes sometimes and contemplate "the short and simple annals of the poor"—of the lowly and humble, at least, whom we are wont to call poor, although in health and contentment and all that makes life livable and long they are rich.

Among the modest yet worthy personages of the past that of Uncle Sammy Blue stands out most vividly in the writer's memory. Few characters, indeed, have possessed bolder outlines or more material substance than Uncle Sammy's.

In appearance he bore a marked resemblance to Daniel Webster. The two men were almost identical in massive forehead and craggy brow, in firm lips and square, uncompromising chin; but Uncle Sammy's eyes were mildly blue and twinkling, and in this respect he had the advantage of Webster. I have no doubt that these men were similar in mental ability, also; but for some reason, or, possibly, for no reason at all, nature chose to endow Webster with certain aspirations and opportunities which she withheld from Uncle Sammy. Uncle Sammy might have been a great man if chance or necessity had so ordered. But the world does not need many great men. Many a solid block of stone which lies hidden in the foundations of our dwellings, is capable of being carved into a beautiful statue; but artists must have houses.

Uncle Sammy was born in Indiana at some indefinite, remote time. In '67 he fell heir to $100 and straightway decided to go West. So he loaded his large family and small collection of household goods into the wagon and, tying the dogs and the brindled heifer behind, he paid his last toll to the bridge keeper and crossed over the Wabash into Illinois. All day he pressed bravely forward. The children cried, the dogs fretted, and even his stolid wife looked over her shoulders with a lingering glance, but our hero proceeded on his way undismayed. An hour before sunset, however, when the road suddenly emerged from the forest and he found himself upon the border of the vast, unknown prairie, his sturdy heart failed him. He had never seen such a sight before. Up to this time his widest horizon had been bounded by a fringe of woods never more than two miles distant. And now to look across this limitless expanse of green until it became blue and hazy in the abysmal distance and blended with the stooping sky, awed and overwhelmed him. The oppressive effect was not unlike that of the first sight of the ocean upon a sensitive inlander, and Uncle Sammy could no more bring himself to venture out upon its broad, billowy surface with his wagon than if it had been the sea in reality. Stopping his horses abruptly, he climbed down and went forward on foot to reconnoiter.

"It must be hundreds of miles acrost there," he observed to himself, "an' nary sign o' shade an' likely no water."

He had started with the intention of settling in Kansas. Raising himself on tiptoe and shielding his eyes with his hand, he surveyed the landscape until his brain reeled.

"I reckon that's the State o' Kansas over yander about where that blue knoll is," he said, turning back to his family presently, "an' I don't just like the look of it."

So in the edge of the woods they encamped for the night and early next morning took a southward course along the verge of the timber. Before another night they had discovered and bargained for a five-acre tract of woods—a veritable timber fortress—lying in the center of a two-hundred-acre forest and surrounded on three sides by deep ravines. In the course of time a cabin was erected here and Uncle Sammy entered upon a life of contentment on his own estate. He had gone West not further than twenty miles, but he was satisfied.

Within a period of two years as much as two acres of his farm had been cleared and most of the chinks in the cabin walls had been neatly daubed with mud. At the end of five years he had built a stable and had three acres of land under cultivation.

I wish I might give an adequate idea of the peaceful, sylvan life he and his simple family led, there in the security of solitude. They were pioneers, yet they were conscious of no hardships. Their farm was small, but the sky above it was very blue. The crops they raised were insignificant, but the woods about supplied them with nuts and berries and delicious game. Their dwelling was rude and narrow, but the dense forest stood between them and the north wind in winter and kept the hot sun at bay throughout the summer season. In this happy state they lived and knew no more of their poverty than did Adam and Eve of their nakedness before the fall. It was only after civilization had eaten away the forest and exposed their little nest to the gaze of the world that they learned what it meant to be poor. Then came the tax collector, the book agent and the tramp; then came discontent, longing and want.

Yet this awakening told mostly upon the younger members of the family, for Uncle Sammy was too old and too philosophical to care much for that which only money could procure. He had learned to read after a laborious fashion and the only luxury he asked of the enlightening times was a subscription to the local newspaper. Each weekly issue he read thoroughly from beginning to end, including every word of every advertisement. He was, moreover, a close student of the Bible and the almanac, in each of which he had implicit faith. Upon the mysteries of the book of Revelations he dwelt much in latter years and never tired of expounding and explaining them when he could find an untiring listener. To any one who presumed to express a doubt as to the accuracy of the weather predictions in the almanac he always made a convincing answer.

"Now, looky here," he would say, "the almanac prophesied that the moon would be full last Saturday, didn't it? An' so it was. She also says the sun will set to-night at 7 o'clock p. m. Now you observe close an' you'll find she'll hit it right agin. Now, if she kin perdick the motions of the sun an' moon, which air furder off than the clouds is, don't ye reckon she kin foretell the weather?"

"But, uncle, the almanac said it would rain to-day."

"Yes, an' that's the pint," he would rejoin sagely. "That's the pint. Do you reckon all them perdictions is meant for this here neighborhood? I'll bet ye it's a-rainin' right this minute where the almanac expected it to. This here's a broad land, young man, an' has lots o' different weather. Now, that almanac cain't afford to be partial. So it gives the weather fur this here country one day and fur some other the next. No, sir, if you'd study these here things like me you might understand 'em."

His philosophy was uniquely optimistic and equal to every emergency of life. While at dinner one day word was brought him that his only brother had died suddenly.

"Why, that's nothin'," he said to the agitated messenger. "Everybody dies when their time comes. Set down an' have some dinner, won't ye?"

With a quiet, reassuring smile he looked across at his tearful wife.

"Henry's gone to rest," he said, "an' he needed rest, too, fur he was a hard worker, Henry was—an' a straight feller."

That was all he said. It was a simple tribute, but it meant more than many sermons. Uncle Sammy loved that brother, but he steadfastly believed what many try in vain to realize, that "to die is gain."

But I find there is no sufficient latitude in one paper to do justice to a single phase of Uncle Sammy's character, and sometime I should like to speak of him again.

AEOLUS.

**ERROR IN THE JEWISH CALENDAR.**

**A Universal Synod Suggested for Its Needed Correction.**

American Hebrew.

In a lecture recently delivered under the auspices of the Graetz College, in Philadelphia, on "The Jewish Calendar," Dr. Cyrus Adler called attention to an error in the calendar which may occasion some surprise to persons who have not investigated the subject.

It is a fact well known that the Jewish calendar in its present form was promulgated by Hillel II., about 350 C. E. This calendar is a bound lunar calendar—i. e., a lunar calendar with correction to solar time. At the time that the calendar was established it was much more accurate than any in use. It was universally accepted by Jews, even by the Karaites, and has afforded an important outward bond of union among scattered Israel.

Graetz has voiced the ordinary opinion as to the accuracy of our calendar in the following words: "The method of calculating the calendar introduced by Hillel is so simple and certain that up to the present day it has not required either enumeration or amplification, and for this reason is acknowledged to be perfect by all who are competent to express an opinion on the subject, whether Jews or non-Jews."

This statement, however, does not agree with the astronomical facts. Our calendar makes the average lunar month 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 3 1-3 seconds, whereas the true value is 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 02.841 seconds. Again, our calendar calculates the solar year at 365 days, 5 hours, 55 minutes, 25.439 seconds, whereas the true value is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 46.069 seconds. It is plain, accordingly, that there is a double source of error, amounting to more than eight minutes per year. Assuming the lunar and solar year to have been co-ordinated at the time of publication of Hillel's calendar, the Jewish year has in the 1,546 years intervening advanced forward from the vernal equinox somewhat over seven days.

The importance of the correctness of the calendar is so great that it would appear advisable that a universal synod be called to devise a plan whereby the error may be obviated. Such a synod once assembled might be able to take action in other directions of the highest importance for the welfare of Israel.

**Not Her Language.**

Detroit Free Press.

The latest foe of the new woman is the grammarian, who complains she is making havoc of the language. One crusty old bachelor complains because authoress, doctress and sculptress are constantly misused for author, doctor or sculptor. An author is one who writes, a doctor one who practices medicine, a sculptor one whose profession is sculpture. If you give the feminine termination to these words when applied to women authors or sculptors, you should be consistent and speak of a woman skater as a skateress, a manufacturer as a manufacturess, and a writer as a writress, a woman cook as a cookess, and a woman walker as a walkeress. One is just as correct as the other.



**HUMOR OF THE DAY.**

**Unsatisfied.**

Harlem Life.

"Does he write to you regularly since you became engaged?"

"No. Sometimes I only get one letter a day."

**It Was So.**

Brooklyn Life.

Miss Sweetly—How did you know I was going to wear my hair curled this evening?

Mr. Plainman—I saw it in the papers this morning.

**Misinformed.**

Brooklyn Life.

He—I am told that your admirers' name is legion.

She (blushingly)—Oh, no, indeed—his name is Jones.

**Legal Conduct.**

Puck.

"See here, motorman, why didn't you stop your car when you ran over that man?"

"I dassen't; he wasn't on the further crossin'."

**Trifling with Science.**

Chicago Record.

"What made that X rays lecturer so mad?"

"Somebody worked him with a piece of boneless codfish."

**A Difficult Case.**

Puck.

Marie—Have you given him any opportunities to propose?

Helen—Yes, but I couldn't tell him they were opportunities.

**His Uncle Did It.**

Detroit Free Press.

"Did you say that Marks owed his financial success to his own will power?"

"Oh, no; to his uncle's will power. He left everything to Marks."

**Sarcastic.**

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What does it remind you of when these homely Muglet girls wash their faces?"

"I don't know. What?"

"Irrigation of the plain."

**His Object.**

Judge.

Johnny—May I wake the baby, mamma?

Mamma—Why do you want to wake the baby?

Johnny—So's I can play on my drum.

**Didn't Worry.**

Washington Star.

"Do you worry about meeting your notes?" said the victim of pecuniary embarrassments.

"No," said the person who is indiscriminately flippant. "I don't worry about meeting 'em. Experience has taught me that I can just sit down and trust to 'em to run across me."

**Tough.**

Judge.

Lady Philanthropist—Why are you here, my good fellow?

Prisoner—Fer bein' a good feller, mum. W'en I wuz here before me time wasn't really up till June, but dey fired me out in January on account uv me good behavior, an' I hed ter steal an overcoat to keep warm.

**Newspaper Titles.**

New York Weekly.

Little Boy—Pop, what's the difference between an editor-in-chief and a managing editor?

Pop (an old reporter)—The editor-in-chief is the man who attends banquets and gets all the glory; the managing editor is the man who does the work.

**Legal Advice.**

New York Weekly.

Mrs. De Temper—I am not happy with my husband. Shall I drive him away?

Lawyer—His life is insured in your favor, isn't it?

"Yes; I made him do that before we married."

"Well, don't drive him off. He'll die quicker where he is."

**The Benefits of Water-Drinking.**

New York Ledger.

It is possible to prevent many diseases and cure others by drinking large quantities of water. An eminent French physician says that typhoid fever can be washed out of the system by water. He gives his patients what would amount to eight or ten ounces an hour of sterilized water. Experiments have been made with diseases caused by bacteria which demonstrate the curative value of water. In cases of cholera, where the system secretes a large amount of fluid, enormous quantities of hot water are of great benefit, and will cure many cases without other medicines. One doctor says that perfectly sweet, fresh cider taken in large quantities has been known to cure cases of bowel complaint. The cold kills the bacteria, which are speedily thrown out of the system. Hot water in fevers is of great use, and an ordinary tumbler full of water as hot as can be taken once an hour is one of the very best remedies. The important thing is to get into the system and out of it a sufficient amount of water to prevent the accumulation of ptomaines and toxins within the body.

**A SPRING IDYL.**

**In Which Corydon, Phyllis and a Saleswoman Take Part.**

New York Tribune.

There was an idyl the other day in one of the big Sixth-avenue shops, but it wasn't in the book department. A young couple who had just been, or were just about to be, married, were selecting the bride's humble outfit. They came into the wrap department and asked for spring capes. These they examined, gravely fingering the material, and the little bride resolutely glanced at the price mark of each before she permitted it to be placed over her slender shoulders. As she stood arrayed in one after another she glanced appealingly at her companion, and all garments which failed to elicit his approval were silently discarded.

Finally the saleswoman brought out a cape of a different sort from the plain woolen garments she had been showing. It was of silk, trimmed with lace and a shimmer of jet. The little bride's eyes lighted; she forgot all about the price mark, and turned eagerly to her glorified reflection in the mirror. Her eyes met his, and she blushed and smiled consciously. "How do you like it?" she murmured.

"That's the ticket, Neil," he replied, with quick understanding. "No need of looking any further."

"But," faltered the bride, the blush and the smile beginning to fade as she remembered an essential consideration, "I forgot to ask—how much is it?"

"Eight dollars and ninety-eight cents. It's a great bargain—marked down because there's only a few odd sizes left," glibly recited the saleswoman.

The smile and the blush faded entirely. "I can't pay over $6," faltered the bride, turning to the pile of previously shown garments.

Her disappointment touched a quick chord of tenderness in her companion. "Oh, come now, miss, that's too much," he said. "'Taint worth it. You just go and see what's the best you can do about it."

He winked significantly at her behind the back of the bride, who was privately disposing of a tear or two, and tapped his breast pocket. The saleswoman walked away, smiling broadly, with the cape over her arm, and the young fellow followed her behind a screen, where he hastily counted out $2.98, including many five and ten-cent pieces. "It's her weddin' cape, and I want her suited," he explained. "You come back in a minute and tell her she can have it for $6. Say there ain't any more left, or something. Don't you let on, now."

He winked again and hastened back to his companion, who turned a bravely smiling countenance upon him. "After all, Jim," she said, "'twouldn't 'a' worn very well. Don't you like this nice woolen one?"

"No," said he, uncompromisingly. "I like that one with the shiners. They'll let you have it for $6, too. 'Tain't worth any more, anyway."

"Oh, Jim, they won't! This is a one-price store."

The saleswoman returned with the cape. "The lot is about closed out," she said, smilingly, "and in consideration of it being part of a wedding trousseau we can let you have it for $6."

The girl glowed rosy red, and glanced rapturously at her lover. Then with trembling fingers she pulled out her well-worn purse, while he coolly remarked, "What'd I tell you?"

They were a poor, shabbily dressed, illiterate young couple, but what in the world has that to do with it? The cape was a tawdry combination of poor silk, cotton lace and cheap beads, and that had nothing to do with it either. It was the eagerly made, though unthanked and unrecognized sacrifice, the making of another's pleasure one's own, the youth, the happiness, the "love's young dream" of it that made the idyl.

**The Potwallopers.**

New York Mail and Express.

Following the death of the last Hedgerow priest comes the announcement that the last of the Potwallopers is no more. He was ninety-seven, and he died in the ancient borough of Pontefract. The last of the Hedgerows passed away in 1885. Thus disappeared two of the ancient glories of Great Britain. The Hedgerow priest was a kind of tramp, a kind of "Weary Raggles," who had a sublime indifference for respectability, law and order, and a frenzied monomania against sobriety. His vocation was taken away in the early part of the century among the reforms then instituted.

The Potwallopers lost their privileges by a reform measure in 1832. They appear to have been a relic of the days when the village community system was in force in Great Britain, and these certainly preceded the Saxon Heptarchy. A Potwalloper, as legally defined, was one who had lived upon borough commons for at least six months continuously prior to an election. It was not necessary to have bed and board during that period. A man could live in the open and still enjoy the privilege of the franchise. The only evidence required by the judges was that he had boiled his own pot, that is, cooked his own meals, during that period. Potwalloping was the popular way of expressing the fact, just as the "mattress vote" described a not dissimilar state of facts in the Tammany tertiary age of New York.

There were female Potwallopers, but they were not allowed to vote. On the contrary, they were treated as vagrants, and systematically locked up. Thus even in those days there were some mild discrepancies between things as they were and as they ought to be.

**The Omniscient Hotel Clerk.**

Houston Post.

A real good hotel clerk must know everything. He must be able to read the innermost thoughts of every guest that comes to his house. He must be ready to answer every question that is asked, whether concerning railroad trains, predestinarianism, politics, law, science, geography, astronomy or theology.

Houston has one of the brightest hotel clerks in the world. He is always affable, ready with any kind of information whatever, and never has to be asked twice for anything.

Two drummers were sitting in the lobby of this hotel a few nights ago, and one of them was telling the other about the clerk's readiness, and said:

"I'll bet you the drinks that if you open that newspaper that you have in your hand, select the first phrase that meets your eye and then walk over to the clerk and say it over to him, he will respond in some way without a moment's hesitation. The drummer opened the paper by chance at a political article, and the first words he saw were: 'The greatest good to the greatest number.' He walked over to the clerk's desk, leaned his elbow on it and said, seriously: 'The greatest good to the greatest number.'

The clerk smiled pleasantly, tapped a bell, and said to the bell boy:

"Take a bottle of whisky up to Room 9."